

LITERARY TABLET.

Vol. IV.]

Hanover, N. H. Wednesday, January 21, 1807.

[No. 6.]

SELECTIONS.

Biography of Mr. Curran, The Irish Orator.

(Continued from page 19.)

THAT learning and talents are often enabled to raise themselves into notice, without the fortunate co-operation of extrinsic circumstances, is an observation which has been often exemplified in every profession; but, perhaps, more frequently in that of the law, than any other. Our young barrister, with qualities which are as likely to strike at first sight, as those possessed by any of his contemporaries, remained, however, for some time at the bar entirely unnoticed. The attention of the public was turned toward him, for the first time, in rather a singular way.

He had been engaged as agent by one of the candidates at a contested election, and in course of the poll, it became necessary for him to make objections to a vote proffered by the adverse party, which he did in that strong and sarcastic manner for which he is so remarkable. His antagonist, a man of rude and overbearing manners, felt the pungency of his wit, and not immediately recognising the Barrister under a shabby coat, and a mean appearance (for nature has not been very favorable in external decorations,) he applied to him some very gross epithets. With more spirit, perhaps, than decorum, Mr. Curran leaped from his seat, seized him by the collar, and was prevented only by the interposition of the by-standers from chastising him on the spot. He, however, was not precluded from asserting his independence in that way, which could alone be tolerated in the presence of a magistrate, he therefore, in a few pithy sentences, disclosed his *mind* and his *character*; his antagonist had generosity enough to acknowledge his error, and apologized to Mr. Curran for the consequences of his mistake; nay, instead of resenting the violence with which he had repelled the insult, he granted him his friendship, and by his recommendation and patronage very essentially promoted his future interests.

From that period he began to rise rapidly. Within less than six months he quitted his gratuitous lodgings in Cavan-street, and removed nearer to the more reputable part of the town. Mrs. Curran no longer dishonored her lord's circumstances, by appearing in the discharge of those domestic offices which are usually performed by deputy; nay, in less than a year, the rising prosperity of the family was visible in the luxury of a one-horse chair! Merit was now finding its proper level, and, in this instance at least, we no longer behold great learning and uncommon

genius struggling with adversity, or sullied in the estimation of vulgar minds, by an undeserved poverty.

Within two or three years more, we find Mr. Curran seated in the House of Commons, and seconding, with much sportive humor, every effort of the popular party for the emancipation of the country, and the establishment of its commercial freedom and political independence.

During the arduous and interesting period in which Mr. Fitzgibbon filled the office of Attorney-general, he was one of the leading men in opposition, and of course came into frequent collision with that dogmatical and haughty lawyer. The high tone of defiance on legal or constitutional questions with which the Attorney-general endeavored to overbear his opponents, was more frequently ridiculed by wit, than combated by the arguments of Mr. Curran; if in this mode of combat, he did not always repel the blow, he at least evaded its force, and though he could not on every occasion boast of victory, he at least escaped defeat. On one of these contests, the issue was more serious; it produced a duel, in which Mr. C. was the challenger, but which happily was attended with no injury to either party.

While Mr. Curran was thus successfully attentive to business, he did not suffer opportunities of pleasure to pass by him unenjoyed. He was naturally, indeed, a man of uncommon gaiety; possessing an exquisite ear for music, and being himself no ordinary performer on the *forte piano*, it was not strange that the Circe-like allurements of Mrs. Billington should have enchanted him for a time.

Although Mr. Curran has been usually considered a man of gallantry, he enjoys an uninterrupted claim to the character of a good father. He has one son, who is now (1798) about to be called to the bar, and two daughters; to the education of these he has paid the most affectionate attention.

It has been already observed, that, in his parliamentary character, he has always been attached to the popular cause. Indeed, from his outset in life, he has been a *steady* friend to the legislative independence, to free commerce, and a reform in the representation of Ireland. He has uniformly declared against the war with France, and he has combated, with unremitted vigour, during five years, the coercive system which has been pursued in Ireland. Finding the inefficacy of that opposition, he has withdrawn, along with many of those with whom he had co-operated, from the House of Commons, and is now known to the public only as an advocate. In this capacity he has lately defended many of his unfortunate countrymen; and is said

to be about to retire for a time, and perhaps for ever from his native country.

As a lawyer Mr. Curran has not particularly distinguished himself, by the extent of his knowledge or the depth of his research he stands, in this respect only, on an equality with his competitors; it is as an advocate that he outstrips them. Indeed, in character, he has not, perhaps, his equal in the empire. With Mr. Erskine he has been frequently compared; but in the opinion of some who have long admired, and attentively considered the respective excellencies of each, the latter holds only a second place.

Mr. Erskine is an acute, grave, laborious, and frequently an eloquent pleader; he turns the bright side of his client's case to full view, urges its strong parts with the force of a masculine understanding, and covers its weakness with very ingenious sophistry; but the jury still remember that Mr. Erskine is an advocate, and are on their guard against his arts.

Mr. Curran while he displays as much acuteness as Mr. E. gets nearer the heart and passions of his auditors; and by the ardour and animation of an eloquence neither fictitious nor forced, excludes every feeling and every thought but those which he wishes to excite. In the examination of witnesses, too, Mr. Curran is eminently powerful. In this manner he resembles Mr. Garrow, but perhaps excels even that gentleman in probing a rotten cause to the bottom, in eliciting truth from prevarication, and touching the secret strings that actuate the human heart.

Mr. Curran's parliamentary speeches seldom possess the excellence which has marked his professional defences. They display much less of the *mens divinator*; they are irregular, and desultory, and seem to be rather the play of his mind than its serious exertion. They, however, abound with admirable strokes of invective, and irony, and though they assist but little in guiding decision, on the point discussed, yet produce a good effect, by holding up political profligacy and corruption to contempt and detestation.

Of classical learning Mr. Curran seems to have early laid in a good store; his allusions to the Roman poets are frequent, and his quotations from them are prompt, and happy. It is a curious circumstance, that to study the Latin-classics, and commit to memory remarkable passages formed a part of Mr. Curran's preparation for the bar; and that he continues, from his experience of its utility, to recommend his practice to the student of the municipal law.

On the score of person, Mr. Curran owes but little to nature. His stature is low, his figure meagre and illformed, and his whole appearance far from being prepossessing. He

has, however, an eye which emits the fire of genius, and is admirably calculated to transmit either the scintillations of fancy, or that deep pathos of the heart, which he not only feels himself, but can so powerfully excite in others. Of dress he has always been remarkably, perhaps culpably, negligent; for he has often played Cicero in the senate, in the garb of Scroob!

The public are indebted to the laborious researches of SIR WILLIAM JONES, for some curious and entertaining specimens of Arabian Poetry. The following is copied from the Port Folio. It has many marks of authenticity, and breathes strongly of that voluptuous spirit, which is ever the product of the warm regions of the south. (Tablet.)

THE MOALLAKAT.

POEM II.—BY TARAF.

On a camel like this, I continue my course, when the companion of my adventure exclaims, "Oh! that I could redeem thee, and redeem myself from impending danger!" while his soul flutters through fear, and, imagining that he had lost the way, he supposes himself on the brink of perdition. When the people say aloud, "Who is the man to deliver us from calamity?" I believe that they call upon me, and I disgrace not their commission by supineness or folly. I shake the lash over my camel, and she quickens her pace, while the sultry vapour rolls in waves over the burning cliffs. She [ship of the desert] floats proudly along with her flowing tail, as the dancing-girl floats in the banquet of her lord, and spreads the long white skirts of her trailing vest. I inhabit not the lofty hills, through fear of enemies or of guests; but, when the tribe or the traveller demand my assistance, I give it eagerly. If you seek me in the circle of the assembled nation, there you find me; and, if you hunt me in the bowers of the winter, there too you discover your game. When you visit me in the morning, I offer you a flowing goblet; and, if you make excuses, I bid you drink it with pleasure, and repeat your draught. When all the clan are met to state their pretensions to nobility, you will perceive me raised to the summit of an illustrious house, the refuge of the distressed. My companions in the feast are youths bright as stars, and singing-girls, who advance toward us, clad in striped robes and saffron coloured mantles: large is the opening of their vests, above their delicate bosoms, through which the enflamed youth touches their uncovered breasts, of exquisite softness. When we say, to one of them, "Let us hear a song!" she steps before us with an easy grace, and begins with gentle notes, in a voice not forced: when she warbles in a higher strain, you would believe her notes to be those of camels lamenting their lost young.

Thus, I drink old wine without ceasing, and enjoy the delights of life; selling and dis-

sipating my property, both newly acquired and inherited; until the whole clan reject me, and leave me solitary, like a diseased camel, smeared with pitch: yet, even now I perceive, that the sons of earth [the most indigent men] acknowledge my bounty, and the rich inhabitants of yon extended camp confess my glory.

O thou, who censurest me for engaging in combats and pursuing pleasures, wilt thou, if I avoid them, insure my immortality? If thou art unable to repel the stroke of death, allow me, before it comes, to enjoy the good which I possess! Were it not for three enjoyments, which youth affords, I swear, by thy prosperity, that I should not be solicitous how soon my friends visited me on my death-bed: first, to rise before the censurers awake, and to drink tawny wine, which sparkles and froths when the clear stream is poured into it; next, when a warrior, encircled by foes, implores my aid, to bend towards him my prancing charger, fierce as a wolf among the ghada-trees, whom the sound of human footsteps has awakened, and who runs to quench his thirst at the brook; thirdly, to shorten a cloudy day, a day astonishingly dark, by toying with a lovely delicate girl, under a tent supported by pillars; a girl, whose bracelets and garters seem hung on the stems of oshar-trees, or of ricinus, not stripped of their soft leaves.

Suffer me, whilst I live, to drench my head with wine, lest having drunk too little in my life-time, I should be thirsty in another state! A man of my generous spirit drinks his full draught to-day; and to-morrow, when we are dead, it will be known which of us has not quenched his thirst. I see no difference between the tomb of the anxious miser, gasping over his hoard, and the tomb of the libertine, lost in the maze of voluptuousness.

You behold the sepulchres of them both raised in two heaps of earth, on which are elevated two broad piles of solid marble, among the tombs closely connected.

Death, I observe, selects the noblest heroes for her victims, and reserves, as hers, the choicest possessions of the sordid hoarder.

I consider time as a treasure, decreasing every night; and that which every day diminishes soon perishes for ever.

By my life, my friend, when death inflicts not her wound, she resembles a camel-driver, who relaxes the cord which remains twisted in his hand!

ORIGINAL.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

Search of Truth.

IT was an opinion, prevalent among the ancients, that "Veritas in puteo;" Truth is hidden. This was a sufficient answer to every inquiry. It was an excuse for indolence, and it solaced the Philosopher, when baffled in his investigations.

If the word, truth, be taken in its most

extensive signification, the observation is just. There are undoubtedly facts, the knowledge of which is beyond the capacity of men; for he is not omniscient. He is unable to scan infinitude; he cannot explain the nature of Angels; he cannot comprehend Jehovah. But this was not the sense intended. Truth here doubtless signifies those facts, with which man is more particularly concerned, the knowledge of which is necessary, or useful to his happiness. In this sense the maxim is not correct. Though something is to be attributed to the nature of things, yet most of the ignorance and scepticism, prevalent among mankind, must be charged upon themselves. Many facts, formerly unknown, are now well understood, in the nature of which no reason can be assigned why they were not long since discovered. Inattention covered the "well" of knowledge, and truth was obscured by indolence. The ancients were unacquainted with the motion and spherical figure of the earth; to them it was sufficient, that the cheering influences of the sun daily returned, and the seasons "run their splendid round." They enjoyed the benefit of nature's operations, and they enquired no farther.

It will be said that knowledge is progressive; that there is an indefinite field of discovery, even within the compass of our senses; that diligent and patient application is necessary for any considerable progress in knowledge; and that after all our perseverance, many things will doubtless remain locked in the cave of obscurity. The observations are correct. Diligence is necessary; and the nature of truth, instead of presenting discouragements, holds out allurements to excite it. It is unjust to ascribe that to the obscurity of truth, which is owing entirely to inattention and indolence. We are startled at difficulties, and confounded at labor; we give over the inquiry, and exclaim, "it is a mystery."

Another promoter of ignorance, and perhaps often the cause of the indolence which has been mentioned, is indifference to truth. Many often feel but little interested in the result of their speculations, even in matters of utility and importance. They have some vague curiosity; they enquire with Pilate, "what is truth?" and with him retire nor wait for an answer. We hear of a discovery in Philosophy, or an invention in the arts; we immediately see the propriety and necessity of it, and wonder that we had not before observed it.

This indifference is not confined to speculative science, but extends to the more interesting concerns of civil polity, morality and religion. Here the want of a disposition for acquiring knowledge is often the cause of ignorance, and the difficulty of arriving at certainty, the excuse or pretext. The enquiry, what is my interest or convenience? is more frequently attended to than what is my duty. Were men equally solicitous for the truth, the latter would be as easily resolved as the

former; and in fine, the problems of mathematics would scarcely be better known and defined than our moral rights and obligations.

The diversity of opinions on these subjects among men is no objection to this reasoning. This can be satisfactorily accounted for on other principles. It is unnecessary to say, truth is obscure, while men judge so hastily, and, with so much obstinacy, retain their opinions in spite of testimony. One, perhaps from a slight view of the subject, forms an hypothesis in Natural Philosophy. To this all his subsequent reasoning and investigations on the subject must conform, or be discarded. Another, perhaps merely from a spirit of opposition, or affectation of singularity, adopts a different system; but imitates his antagonist so far as to be equally obstinate in support of it. Some discovery is made. One exclaims, this proves my hypothesis. The other enjoins, nay, it is the strongest argument in support of mine. Thus they contend; they explore "sea and land" in search of truth; while she stands unveiled before them, in all her native loveliness, despised and neglected.

So, on all subjects, the pride of discovery, a spirit of contradiction and prejudice, influence our opinions, and, in consequence, our conduct.

ALFRED.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Berne, (Switzerland,) Sept. 7.

We received information, two days since, of a dreadful accident which has destroyed several villages in the canton of Schwitz. The following are the details of this disaster, the most dreadful recorded in the annals of Switzerland:—

"On Tuesday the 2d of Sept. at five in the evening, the Knippenbuld Rock, which formed the summit of mount Rosenberg, was on a sudden detached from its station, and at the same time part of the mountain, of several feet in thickness, on the western side, and about 280 feet in thickness on the east side, gave way and fell into the valley which separates the lake of Zug from that of Lauwertz, overwhelming the whole of the villages of Goldan, Rœthan, Businghen, Huzloch, three parts of that of Lauwertz, and some houses in the village of Stein.—The fall of one part of the mountain into the lake of Lauwertz, about a fourth part of which is filled up, caused such an agitation in the waters of the lake that they overthrew a number of houses, chapels, mills, &c. along the southern shore of the lake; amongst others the mill of Lauwertz, where fifteen persons were killed and buried in the ruins of the buildings, all the parts of which were dispersed with such violence that the foundation only remains. This mill was situated 50 or 60 feet above the level of the lake.

"The waves also beat against the village of Seeven, situate at the extremity of the lake, and destroyed some houses. Two persons were killed. In the villages which were

overwhelmed, not an individual escaped. Upwards of one thousand persons have been the victims of this disaster.

"Several circumstances attending this event are very remarkable. Enormous masses of rock were carried through the air to prodigious distances. The rocks in falling drew with them immense masses of earth, of from ten to eighty feet in thickness; and numbers of these masses, together with blocks of flint-stone, were thrown on the opposite shore, to the height of from eight to one hundred feet. One can scarce believe one's eyes when he sees these phenomena. Every instant one sees houses, some forced on one side, others cut in two and separated at great distances, and others carried more than a quarter of a league from their foundations.

"The villages of Goldan and Rœthan, consisting of 115 houses, that of Businghen of 123, have totally disappeared. Of Lauwertz, which lost 25 houses, there remain ten buildings, and all much damaged."

Extract from the Life of Cumberland.

In a nation, like this, where all ranks and degrees are laid open to enterprize, merit or good fortune, it is fit, right and natural that sudden elevations should occur and be encouraged. It is a spur to industry, and incites to emulation and laudable ambition. Whilst it leads to these good consequences, it must also tend to others of a different sort. In all communities so constituted there will be a secret market for cunning, as well as a fair emporium for honesty, and a vast body of men, who can't support themselves without labour of some sort, and won't live by the labour of their hands, must contrive to live by their wits—

Honest men

*Are the soft easy cushions, on which knaves
Repose and fatten—*

But there are more than these—Vain men will have their flatterers, rich men their followers, and powerful men their dependants. A great man in office is like a great whale in the ocean; there will be a sword-fish and a thresher, a Junius and a John Wilkes, ever in his wake and arming to attack him:—These are the vext spirits of the deep, who trouble the waters, turning them up from the very bottom, that they may emerge from their mud, and float upon the surface of the billows in foam of their making.

The abstract history of some of these gentry is curious—when they have made a wreck of their own reputation, they assault and tear in pieces the reputations of others; they defame man and blaspheme God; they are punished for their enormities; this makes them martyrs; martyrdom makes them popular, they are crowned with praises, honors and emoluments, and they leave the world in admiration of their talents, before they have tasted the contempt which they deserve.

But whilst these men may be said to fight their way into consequence, and so long as

they can but live in notice are content to live in trouble, there is a vast majority of easy, unambitious, courteous humble servants, whose unoffending vanity aspires no higher than like Samson's bees to make honey in the bowels of a lion, and fatten on the offal of a rich man's superfluities. They ask no more of fortune than to float, like the horse dung with the apples, and enjoy the credit of good company as they travel down the smooth and easy stream of life. For these there is a vast demand, and their talents are as various as the uses they are put to. Every great, rich and consequential man, who has not the wisdom to hold his tongue, must enjoy his privilege of talking, and there must be dull fellows to listen to him; again, if, by talking about what he does not understand, he gets into embarrassments, there must be clever fellows to help him out of them: when he would be merry, there must be witty rogues to make him laugh; when he would be sorrowful, there must be sad rogues to sigh and groan and make long faces: as a great man must be never in the wrong, there must be hardy rascals, who will swear always in the right; as he must never know fear, of course he must never see danger; and as his courage must at no time sink, there must be friends at all times ready to prevent its being tried.

Theoderic, Archbishop of Cologne.

"This prelate was illustrious in his line for his talents, erudition, and morals. One day the Emperor Sigismund asked of him instructions to obtain happiness. "We cannot, Sire, expect it in this world."—"Which, then, is the way to happiness hereafter?"—"You must act virtuously."—"What do you mean by that expression?"—"I mean," says Theoderic, "that you should always pursue that plan of conduct, which you promise to do whilst you are labouring under a fit of the gravel, gout, or stone."

Long Speeches.

"An orator, at a meeting during the troubles of the League, began a speech with promising, that he should divide the subject he was about to treat of, into thirteen heads. The audience were heard to murmur, and to interrupt this formidable beginning. "But," continued the orator, "to prevent my being too prolix, I shall omit a dozen of them."

THE FEMALE EYE.

A modern Writer gives the following enumeration of the expression of a female eye: the glare, the stare, the leer, the sneer, the invitation, the defiance, the denial, the consent, the glance of love, the flash of rage, the sparkling of hope, the languishment of softness, the squint of suspicion, the fire of jealousy, and the lustre of pleasure."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We hope again to recognize EUGENIO among our correspondents.

ALFRED has our thanks; we expect much from so able a hand.

himself
of habit is
altogether
same rank with
making it as

SELECTED POETRY.

MR. EDITOR,
I send you the following which I met with in a European Magazine. In refined sentiment and dignity of expression, it has a near resemblance to modern amatory poems.

A MODERN SONNET.

Farwell ! thou beauteous animal, farewell !
Thy patience, so much longer than thine ears,
None but a Yorick's tender pen could tell,
And call, from Christian's eyes, a flood of tears !

But what avail'd thy patience, or thine ears ?
Or what the love-lorn notes thou once didst pour,
When, as thy fav'rite pass'd, thou stood'st in gears,
Tied with a halter, at my grannam's door ?
O ! as she pass'd, how didst thou raise thy tone !
And mighty proofs of love didst thou reveal !
And sometimes thou would'st bray, and sometimes groan,

Expressive of the passion thou did'st feel !
Thou had'st more worth than Macedonia's King,
Than Julius Cæsar, or than Bonaparte !
The friend of man, and not his foe, I sing !
They drew a dagger, and you drew a cart.
Detested names ! Oh, what a fatal three !
Thank Heaven ! before thee two are gone to dust !

The other soon, I hope, will follow thee,
For follow thee assuredly he must !
Yes ! he must die, tho' Frenchmen cry, alas !
Thus falls the hero, and thus falls the ass !

The following is a correct copy of the old, but justly admired ballad, "Blind Belisarius," written by Collins, an itinerant player.

"Date Obolum Belisario."

O Fortune, how strangely thy gifts are awarded !
How much, to thy shame, thy caprice is recorded !
Since the wise, great and good, of thy frowns seldom scape any :
Witness blind Belisarius, who begg'd for a half-penny.

Date obolum Belisario.

He whose fame for true valour was spread far and wide, fir,
In whom none—but his country—his praise e'er denied, fir,
By his poor faithful dog was through Rome's city led, fir,
With one foot in the grave—forc'd to beg for his bread, fir.

Date obolum Belisario.

As a young Roman knight was by chance passing by, fir,
The old soldier's appearance at once caught his eye, fir ;
And his purse in his helmet he dropt with a tear, fir,
Whilst the veteran's sad story attracted his ear, fir.

Date obolum Belisario.

" I have fought, I have bled, I have conquer'd for Rome, fir ;
I have crown'd her with laurels that for ages will bloom, fir ;
From her foes' harsh dominion I've raised her to power ;
I espous'd her for life, and disgrace is my dower.
Date obolum Belisario.

" I no soldiers e'er risk'd by attacking at random,
Nor vict'ry insur'd with a nil desperandum !
But, whenever I fought, I made both friend and foe know
That all my design was pro publico bono.
Date obolum Belisario.

" I no colonies lost by attempts to enslave 'em,
Nor of Roman's free rights ever strove to bereave 'em ;
Nor, to bow down their necks to my pride or my pleasure,
Have an empire dismember'd, or squander'd its treasure.
Date obolum Belisario.

" Nor yet, to enrich or ennoble myself, fir,
Have my motives been tarnish'd by base views of pelf, fir,
For such sordid designs I've so far been from carving,
Blind and old, I've no choice—but of begging or starving.
Date obolum Belisario.

" Now if hero or statesmen should hear his relation,
Whose deeds have still been for the good of the nation,
Who, though feeble and blind, should like me grope his way, fir,
The bright sun-beams of virtue will turn night to day, fir.
Date obolum Belisario.

" But if, wanting that light, at the close of life's spark, fir,
He at length comes to take the great " leap in the dark," fir,
He may wish, while his friends wring their hands round his bed, fir,
That like blind Belisarius, he'd begg'd for his bread, fir.
Date obolum Belisario.

It may be interesting to some of our readers to see a specimen of the poetic talents of the late CHARLES JAMES FOX. Although this has not that high polish, which constitutes the elegance of this species of writing ; it is possessed of one powerful charm, simplicity. The qualifications requisite for the poet and orator are nearly the same ; those of the latter are too well known in the forum to need any comment here ; and if a good heart, a lively and enthusiastic imagination and correct taste may be ranked with the former, he possessed them in an eminent degree.—Had his political avocations allowed him to cultivate his genius, we believe he would not have been the least esteemed of the British Bards. [Tablet.

INVOCATION TO POVERTY.

" O Poverty ! of pale consumptive hue,
" If thou delight'st to haunt me still in view,
" If still thy presence must my steps attend,

" At least continue, as thou art, my friend.
" When Scotch example bids me be unjust,
" False to my word, unfaithful to my trust,
" Bid me the baneful error quickly see,
" And shun the world to find repose in thee.
" When vice to wealth would turn my partial eye,
" Or int'rest shutting ear to sorrow's cry ;
" Or courtiers' custom would my reason bend,
" My foe to flatter, or desert my friend ;
" Oppose, kind Poverty, thy temper'd shield,
" And bear me off unvanquish'd from the field.
" If giddy Fortune e'er return again,
" With all her idle, restless, wanton train,
" Her magic glass should false Ambition hold,
" Or avarice bid me put my trust in gold ;
" To my relief, then, virtuous goddess, haste,
" And with thee bring thy daughters ever chaste,
" Health ! Liberty ! and Wisdom ! sisters bright,
" Whose charms can make the worst condition light,
" Beneath the hardest fate the mind can cheer,
" Can heal affliction and disarm despair ;
" In chains, in torments, pleasure can bequeath,
" And dress in smiles the tyrant hour of death !"

THE STORM.

In the high-towering poplar thus swinging
My lyre, hang suspended at ease :
Thy strings, at wild intervals, ringing,
When swept by the breath of the breeze.

The blue vault its full beauty displaying,
Net a cloud the pure ether o'er shades,
And in sighs his soft wishes betraying,
The green foliage fond zephyr pervades.

Thus I leave thee to murmur and quiver,
As whispers the slow-rising wind ;
While here, stretch'd on the banks of the river,
I repose, in light slumbers reclin'd.

Ha ! along yon horizon dark scowling,
What tempest-fed shadows appear !
Clouds ! clouds ! rise incessantly rolling ;
Hark ! the show'r, whistles loud on mine ear.

O my harp, my companion, my treasure,
Let us rise, let us hasten away :
'Tis thus flies the phantom of pleasure,
With quick step ever hastening away.

ADDRESSED TO MISS C. F.

I SAW thee first, a rose-leaf grow,
Just sprouted from its parent tree ;
I saw thee next a rose-bud glow
With blush of sweet SIMPLICITY.

I came again, and thou wert blown
In beauty's richest majesty,
But though the rose mature had grown
I found the bud SIMPLICITY.

Oh long in health and beauty glow
An honor to thy parent tree !
But whilst thy blushing roses blow
Oh keep thy bud SIMPLICITY.

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